1550

THE

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

A Glance at 164 years of

UNBROKEN

MISSIONARY LABOURS.

THE earth's our Lord's ; to cultivate the land
And sow the gospel-seed we ready stand ;
In hope, that for his travail Christ may see
A rich reward, and reap abundantly.

O Lord, make clear what thou wouldst have us do,
The path thou shalt point out we will pursue ;
And since thy each command implies success,
Thro' rough and untried roads we boldly press.

May many wild, uncultivated parts,
Where Satan bears the sway in heathen hearts,
Bear fruit abundantly to thee, O Lord,
And thousands be converted by thy word.

Zinzendorf and Matthew Stach.

BY THE REV. B. LA TROBE

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Preface.

An instance of the mutual sympathy and interest subsisting between the different Societies was the invitation to one of the Secretaries of the Moravian Missions to give an address to the Young Men's Missionary Band of the L. M. S. In response to this invitation the endeavour was made to present within an hour a brief but fairly complete view of the Moravian Missions, a work which has been carried on for more than a century and a half, and which has spread to the most distant corners of the earth.

"Your paper meets a long-felt want," was the kindly criticism of experts present in the Committee Room of the London Mission House, and it was coupled with the pressing request to publish it. The request is acceded to in the hope that this pamphlet may in some measure prepare the way for a forthcoming volume.

The best book on the foreign work of the Moravian Church is the one written by Dr. Augustus Thompson, of Boston ("Moravian Missions," Twelve Lectures. London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1883). Though published on both sides of the Atlantic, this is out of print. There has, however, just issued from the press an admirable book which also meets a long-felt want. It is entitled "A Short

History of the Moravian Church." Its author is the Rev. J. E. Hutton, M.A., and his next work will be a short history of the Moravian Missions. It is, indeed, a great task to condense into the small compass of a Half-crown Volume the parallel stories of more than a dozen mission fields, most of which have been in operation for a century, and some for a century and a half. But the pen that has given so full a view of the ancient and the renewed Unity of the Brethren—a history stretching over 440 years—can accomplish this task also. Meanwhile I shall be glad if this booklet may fill the gap.

B. La Trobe.

7, Furnival's Inn, E.C.
April, 1896.

Contents.

PAGE

Two Pioneers—The Advance Guard of a Noble Army 7

Progress of this Work of Faith during three Half Centuries 9

The Mission to the Slaves of the West Indies . 12

Two Early Missions on Icebound Coasts . . . 16

Work among the North American Indians and Alaskan Eskimoes 21

Two Tropical Fields in Central and South America 26

The Gospel for the Hottentots and Kaffirs of South Africa and for the Natives of Nyasaland . 30

The Lepers of the Holy Land 34

Working and Waiting for Tibet 36

The Only Means to uplift the Blacks of Australia 39

Appendix—The New Station at Makkovik . . 46

The Labrador Ship and Emergency Fund . . 47

The Moravian Missions.

A Glance at 164 years of unbroken Missionary Labours.

"They perceived that this work was wrought of our God."

Two Pioneers—The Advance Guard of a Noble Army.

It is 3 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, August 21st, 1732. The streets of the new colony of Herrnhut are quiet, but Count Zinzendorf's carriage stands at the door of his mansion. The nobleman enters it, and with him two men, who belong, we maintain, to heaven's nobility, though not to that of earth. The one is Leonhard Dober, twenty-six years old, unmarried, by trade a potter, by nation a German. He is starting for the island of St. Thomas in the Danish West Indies. In the early days of her renewed existence the Church of the United Brethren (Unitas Fratrum) sends him forth as her first missionary to the heathen.

The other is David Nitschmann, a carpenter, ten years older than Dober, and a native of Moravia. As such, he is one of the most direct links between the Missionary Church and the old Martyr Church—the Renewed Unity

of the Brethren, which has but ten years before found a refuge on the estate of the young Count Zinzendorf, and the Ancient Church founded in Bohemia in 1457, but stamped out of that land and the neighbouring country of Moravia by Roman Catholic persecutions. An experienced traveller is this Moravian exile, for he has

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

undertaken many a long journey for the Kingdom of God, and in commission from the congregation at Herrnhut. And now he suffers neither the unknown difficulties, nor the hardships and dangers of an ocean voyage in the small sailing vessels of the day, to hinder him from again complying with the wishes of his brethren. He is willing to accompany Dober all the way to St. Thomas, and to see his work well begun, ere he returns to bring the Church news of its first missionary enterprise.

The carriage rolls along the road to Bautzen. Outside that town it stops; the three alight, and kneel down for a last prayer. The Count's voice ascends in earnest supplications; then he lays his hand on Leonhard Dober's head, and blesses him. So he parts from the two and returns to Herrnhut, whilst they pursue their way on foot to Copenhagen.

Look well at those two men of faith, as they march onward so bravely. It will take them twenty-five days ere they complete their foot journey of six hundred miles, and then what of the voyage of some four thousand miles? Yet, onward they step in the name of the Lord,—the Moravian and the German, representatives of the two elements out of which the congregation at Herrnhut had been growing together now for ten years,—the carpenter and the potter, learned only in the Scriptures,—the poor of this world, but rich in faith and chosen of God to begin a great work.

They are the advance guard of a noble army, for since that day the so-called "Moravian Church" has sent out 2500 messengers to the heathen, and other Protestant Churches and societies, stirred up by her zeal, have entered on the field. Far richer, both in men and means, they have greatly swelled the ranks of heroic pioneers and patient, plodding missionaries.

Progress of this Work of Faith during three Half Centuries.

Ever since that day God has blessed the efforts of the Missionary Church, which, among modern societies, bears the palm of being the first in the field. The first Jubilee

of her work (1782) saw twenty-seven stations as centres of Gospel light and labours under the charge of 165 missionaries, male and female.

The Centenary (1832) rejoiced in an extended field including forty-one stations, where 209 missionaries had charge of 45,000 converts.

A third Jubilee came in 1882. The work had nearly doubled in the last half century, and it has greatly increased since then. On the map of America, Moravian Mission stations may be found along the ice-bound coasts of Greenland, and Labrador and Alaska, among the Indian reserves of Canada and the United States, and in the tropical climes of Central America, the West Indian Islands, and British and Dutch Guiana in South America. On our own hemisphere they are dotted over South Africa, Central Africa, Nyasaland, Australia, and Central Asia. Nor may we forget that house of mercy, the Leper Home at Jerusalem. The latest statistics of the various fields show that at present they comprise more than 150 stations and outstations. Upwards of four hundred missionaries, male and female, are aided by eighteen hundred native assistants. The total number under their direct supervision is nearly 94,000, of whom 33,000 are communicant members of the Church.

Such are the results with which the Divine blessing has crowned and still crowns the efforts and endurance of successive generations of missionary workers connected with this cause. From the day when the Church was so early and so evidently called to this special service, *the work has been of God and not of men.* Throughout its whole history it has been a work of faith, and humanly speaking the Moravian Church, with its three provinces and 20,000 communicant members in Germany, England

and America, could not now supply an income commensurate with the ever-growing needs of her ever-growing mission fields. Already she has close upon 94,000 souls under her direct charge. How shall the 20,000 members of the home churches find men and means to feed a multitude nearly five times their own number? Let those, who question thus, look back and see how the founders of the work carried it on under relations far more disproportionate, or rather what the Lord did by men whose faith and ardour could rise to "mighty works." When the Moravian and Bohemian refugees on Count Zinzendorf's estate were scarcely six hundred in number—when they had only just found rest from persecution, and were still despised and maligned—when, most of them having left all for the sake of liberty of conscience and of worship, the community was exceedingly poor—*then* it was that the missionary spirit came upon them with such constraining influence, that in the short space of eight years they sent Gospel heralds to St. Thomas, to Greenland, to Indian tribes in North and South America, to Lapland, to the Samoyedes in Northern Siberia, to the Cape of Good Hope, to Guinea in West Africa, to Algiers, and to Ceylon. Nor did many more years pass before they had extended their work to other West Indian Islands, and their messengers of peace started for Persia, China, Egypt, Abyssinia, Labrador, Tartary, India, and the Nicobar Islands.

It is true some of these were transitory efforts amounting to little more than a temporary evangelistic work. And others which seemed to promise permanence have proved so-called "unsuccessful missions." But even if, in spite of their noble and almost martyr efforts, these pioneers were sometimes unable to maintain their ground

in places, where one after another fell victims to the baneful climate, who shall call their self-sacrificing labours "unsuccessful"? Do we not look forward to the time when they that sow and they that reap shall rejoice together? Experience had to be gained in this untried path of Christian work, for few had gone before to teach the Church the lessons she had to learn, alas, at the cost of many precious lives willingly laid down in the Master's service. This experience once gained, failure became the exception, manifest success by God's blessing the rule. Nor has the Moravian Church ever forgotten that the Gospel is to the Jew first and also to the Gentile. The work which God has given her among Israelites in the past has, however, like her present mission to Bohemia and Moravia, the lands of her spiritual forefathers, been in Europe. Consequently it does not come within the scope of this paper on her "foreign missions."

We will now take a brief survey of the numerous Moravian Mission fields, or rather a few glances at their past and present.

The Mission to the Slaves of the West Indies.

One summer evening, in the year 1731, Count Zinzendorf was standing at the door of his mansion in Herrnhut, when a company of young men passed by, singing hymns. "Sir," said the Count to a clergyman with him, "among these there are missionaries to St. Thomas, Greenland, Lapland, and many other countries." These words proved prophetic, and their fulfilment was nearer than even his sanguine disposition or bold faith would have ventured to

hope. In that group there were at least four young men who were being prepared by the Holy Spirit for this very service. LEONHARD DOBER and TOBIAS LEUPOLD had already, though unknown to the Count, and even to each other, conceived an ardent desire to preach the Gospel to the negroes of St. Thomas, whilst two others, MATTHEW STACH and FREDERICK BOEHNISCH, were destined for a very different clime.

The deplorable condition of the slaves in THE WEST INDIES, as reported by a negro brought over to Europe, had made so deep an impression upon Dober that he felt impelled to forsake parents and brothers, home and fatherland, to go and tell the negroes that they have souls, and that they have a Saviour. "Was the thing of the Lord?" that was his heart's question. After a night spent in earnest thought, dawn found him still undecided. Then in his morning devotions these words from Deut. xxxii. 47 came powerfully to him: "For it is not a vain thing for you, because it is your life." It was a word to him from God. Strengthened in his resolve, he determined to mention the matter to his friend Leupold, whom he had thought of as a companion in the work. To his surprise and joy he learnt that the other had a similar secret to confide to him, and had fixed upon no other than himself as an associate. That very evening they overheard those remarkable words of the Count's, and so were emboldened to make known their desires to him by letter. Greatly that earnest nobleman rejoiced over their plain, sober, and straightforward communication. Next day he sent for them and conversed long with them.

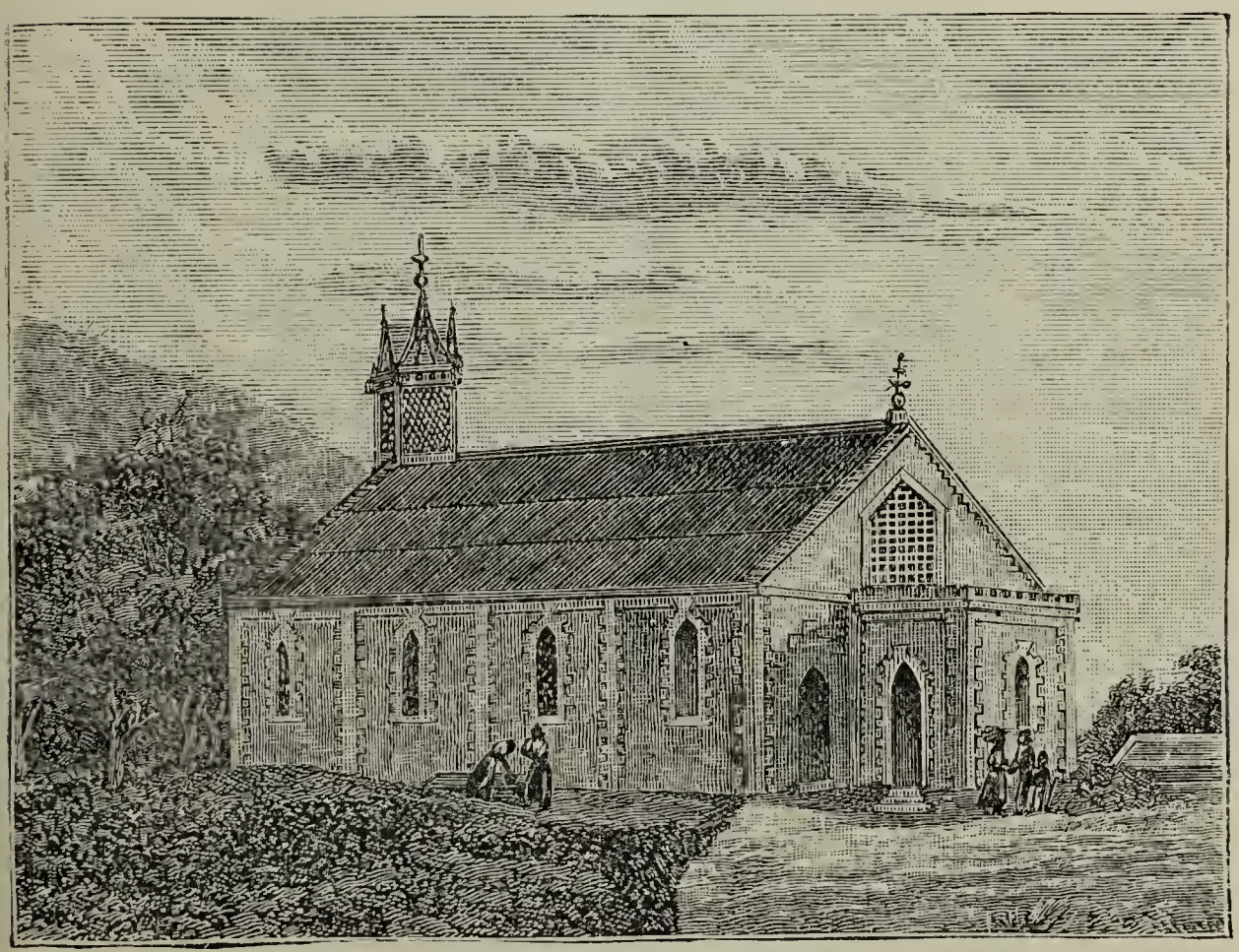
And now the question of the Church was: Is this a mere transient enthusiasm of well-meant but youthful zeal, or are these men really called of God? The matter

must be tested. "If this counsel be of men, it will come to naught." The subject was weighed, as far as possible, in all its bearings, but no consideration daunted the would-be missionaries. The general impression (incorrect, as it afterwards proved), was that they would be obliged to sell themselves as slaves to reach the negroes. Not even this deterred them. They were ready to sacrifice their liberty or their lives, if they could gain a single soul for Jesus.

At length it was deemed expedient to refer an enterprise so important, yet so untried, to the decision of the Lord through the lot. The answer with reference to Leupold was, that he should *not* go. But Dober none the less persisted in his resolution, and, when asked if he would submit the matter to the same decision, replied, that as to the conviction of his own mind there was no necessity, but for the satisfaction of his brethren, they might do as they wished. Out of a number of slips of paper this was drawn:—"Let the youth go, for the Lord is with him." This put an end to all hesitation; the elders of the Church were convinced that they must recognize in all this the voice of the Holy Ghost saying:—"Separate me Leonhard Dober for the work, whereunto I have called him."

He desired David Nitschmann as a companion, and Nitschmann consented to leave wife and three children in Europe and sail for the West Indies. We have already seen these two pioneers starting from Herrnhut in the early morning of August 21st, 1732. Less than one sovereign could have been found in all their pockets as equipment for such a journey, but they were rich in faith and bold in their God, and he brought them unto their desired haven, and enabled them to begin the work among

the slaves on St. Thomas. We cannot now tell of the innumerable hardships overcome by indomitable zeal and courage. Nor can we pursue the story of the noble men, who followed in their track and extended the work from St. Thomas to neighbouring islands, braving deadly tropical climates, experiencing perils by shipwrecks, hurri-



MIZPAH MISSION CHURCH, JAMAICA.

canes and earthquakes, and gladly bearing poverty, persecutions and imprisonments, if only they might win souls.

Where these sowed in tears, others have reaped with joy. Thousands on thousands in the days of slavery received the truth which made them free, and are now numbered with the multitude of the redeemed. And a

well-organized work is still carried on upon nine of the West Indian Islands and in Demerara. Nearly eighty missionaries have under their charge more than 42,000 Church members. In this, the oldest Mission Province, strenuous effort towards complete self-support is the order of the day.

Two early Missions on Icebound Coasts.

(1) Greenland.

Not a whit behind the missionaries to St. Thomas in ardour and self-sacrifice were those who went to Greenland. Nor was their call to the work in those frozen regions less strikingly marked. The Holy Spirit, who moved Dober to offer himself for service among the slaves, stirred a desire in the heart of Matthew Stach to go as a missionary to the far north, and that very letter from the former, which was read to the congregation at Herrnhut without mention of the names of the writers, emboldened the latter to make known his secret wish in like manner. The same test was applied in his case. The difficulties he would have to encounter in so inhospitable a climate were laid before him, and a whole year elapsed ere the Church, convinced that this also was of the Lord, determined to send him. Then not only was Matthew Stach ready to start at two days' notice, but two others were found willing to accompany him. "There was no need," says one of them, "of much time or expense for our equipment. The congregation consisted chiefly of poor exiles, who had not much to give, and we ourselves had nothing but the clothes on our backs."

The touching story has often been related—how the most unfavourable representations of those who dissuaded

KAYARNAK, THE FIRST GREENLAND CONVERT (*from an old painting*).

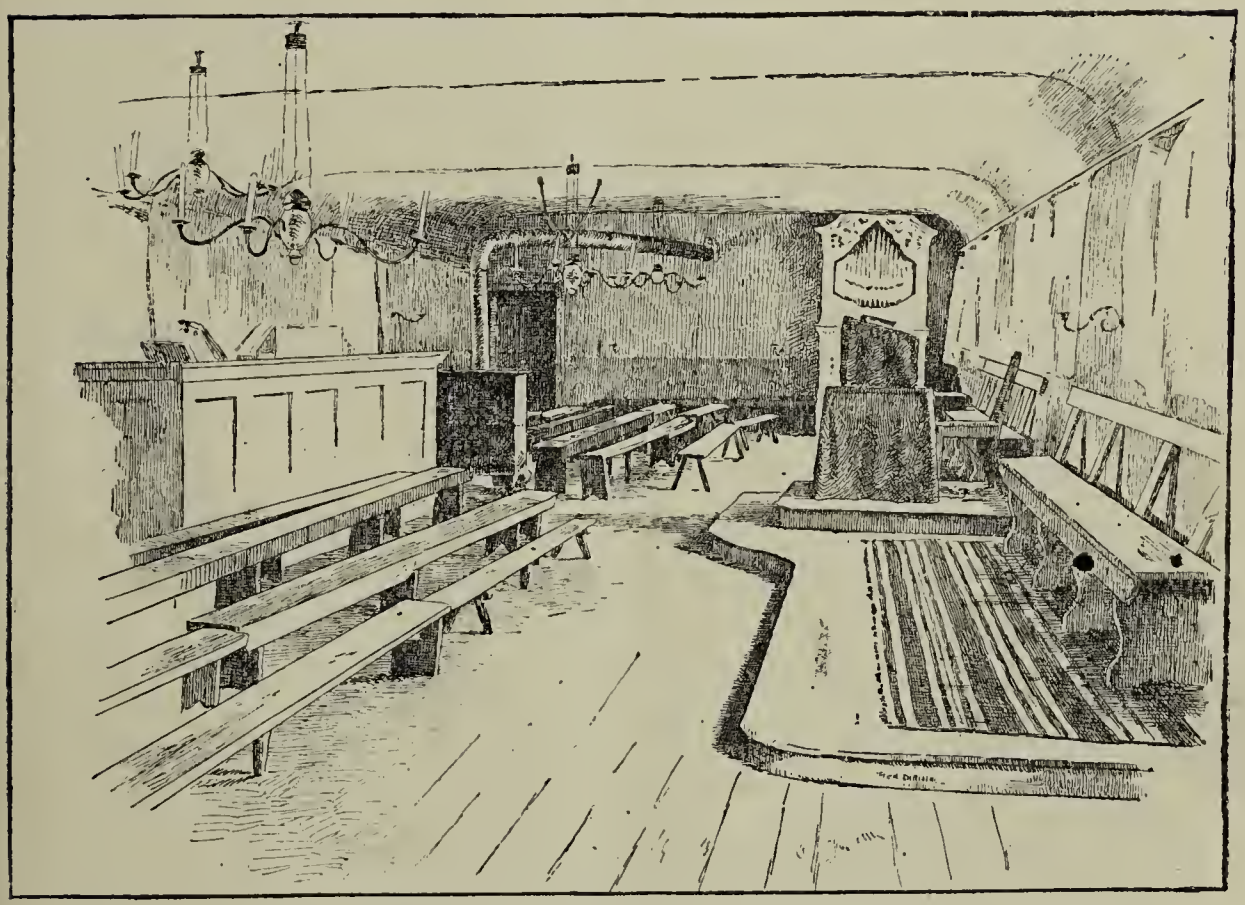
them at Copenhagen failed to dishearten them—how, when told that Greenland afforded no timber fit for building a house, they exclaimed: "Then we will dig a hole in the earth and lodge there"—how, arrived in the country, they endured extreme cold, terrible distress for want of the bare means of life, the contempt, mockery and enmity of the heathen themselves. Worst of all was the long disappointment of five years' apparently fruitless labour amid all these hardships, until at length the well-known exclamation of their first convert, KAYARNAK, rewarded them for all their toil and patience. "How was that? tell me that once more; for I, too, wish to be saved." Those were the words which sent a thrill of joy through their hearts, a thrill that communicated itself to the whole Church in quickened impulses for the conversion of the heathen. For what was it that Kayarnak desired to hear once more? *The story of the Saviour's suffering for sinners* had touched the heart of a Greenlander, and when any sinner desires to hear *that* word again that he may be saved, a thrill of holy joy passes through heaven itself.

Since that day this Gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified has proved the message of life to many an Eskimo, and now the west coast of Greenland is as Christian, if not more so, than England. The Danish missionaries are still following in the footsteps of their noble Hans Egede, and their Moravian brethren have charge of about 1600 persons at six stations.

(2) LABRADOR.

Equally irresistible was the impulse which at a later period fired JENS HAVEN, among others, to seek the conversion of the Eskimoes dwelling on the opposite and

still more inclement coast of LABRADOR. Strange to say, it dated from the time when he heard that these savages had murdered Christian Erhardt, a brave and pious sailor endeavouring to commence a mission among them. In 1758 Haven was sent to Greenland, but his conviction that Greenland was not his destination was confirmed by



INTERIOR OF NAIN CHURCH, LABRADOR.

a remarkable dream, three times repeated, in which these words were spoken to him:—"This is not the place where you are to stay, for you shall preach the Gospel to a nation that has heard nothing of their Saviour." At length, in 1764, he paid his first visit to Labrador. Very different was the welcome accorded to him from the

treachery by which Erhardt had fallen. "Our friend is come," shouted the Eskimoes when he spoke their language. In 1770 the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel among the Heathen (S.F.G.), an auxiliary association in aid of the Moravian Missions still existing in London, purchased a vessel in which Haven and other earnest men sailed to that ice-bound coast. There they preached the Gospel, settled upon a site for a station, and promised to return the next year and make their home among these savages who had killed their predecessors. In May, 1771, this devoted man finally set sail for Labrador, this time accompanied by a brave English wife, who shared his hardships and toil, until old age obliged them to retire from their distant outpost. And this was the text for the day,* when the first settlement was founded and called Nain: "Thou shalt bring them in and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the Sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established." The mission was the Lord's planting, and its fruit remained and increased. Now the missionaries have more than 1300 converts among the sparse population of that dreary coast. Their work is developing both northward and southward to such an extent that the S. F. G., which has throughout almost entirely supported the

* Since 1731 it has been the custom in the Moravian Church to issue a "Text-Book" every year. It consists of two brief texts for each day, one from the Old Testament and one from the New, and under each a suitable verse or lines of a hymn. This little book is annually issued to the extent of about 96,000 copies in German, 12,000 in French, 6000 in English, besides a number in Spanish, Bohemian, Dutch, Negro-English, and the Eskimo language. In all 114,000.

Labrador Mission, is obliged to appeal for contributions to a "Labrador Ship and Emergency Fund."*

Perhaps the most striking proof that the Lord's blessing rests upon this mission is the wonderful preservation of the ten ships successively owned by the S. F. G. for the Labrador service. The Society's vessel has been the main, and for most of the time the only communication with those dangerous shores, beset with rocks and icebergs. The fact that she has now for 126 years safely accomplished her annual errand is, we believe, without a parallel in the history of any other ship-owning firm.

Work among the North American Indians and Alaskan Eskimoes.

(1) A Tragic Story.

What shall we say of the North American Indian Mission, dwindled down to a few scattered congregations? We say of its *present*:—"Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it;" a blessing for the survivors of tribes once numerous and powerful. And what of its *past*, reaching back to 1734? Whoever would read an intensely interesting narrative of extraordinary labours, extraordinary trials, extraordinary sufferings, yes! and extraordinary successes, let him turn to the records of this Mission. Here it was that David Zeisberger lived and laboured among the Indians for sixty years. Here the Moravian missionaries

* Particulars relating to the founding in 1896 of a new station at Makkovik, and concerning other urgent calls to extend the work in Labrador, *if funds be provided*, will be found in the Special Appeal for this Fund.

confirmed that experience learnt in Greenland, and since so invaluable to all Christian missionaries, that nothing

DAVID ZEISBERGER, THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIANS.

but the Gospel of the love and atoning death of Christ can reach the heart of a heathen savage. Turning over

the pages of the records of this mission we find many of them written, as it were, in blood. On one page we read of ninety-six converts betrayed, scalped, and tomahawked. It was white men, too, that did the deed; and the murderers themselves bore testimony afterwards that with their latest breath men, women, and children gave affecting evidence of their faith. Further back you come upon the account of the massacre of Gnadenhuetten, when that station was attacked by a troop of Indians in French service, and eleven members of the missionaries' families were burnt alive in their house, or thrown back upon the flames in attempting to escape. "'Tis all well, dear Saviour," one lady was heard to exclaim; "'tis all well, dear Saviour, I expected nothing else." No, be it at Gnadenhuetten in Ohio, at Kucheng in China, in Madagascar, or in the South Seas, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. The Day of the Lord shall declare that this work also has been wrought of our God.

Of late this mission has blossomed again, and bids fair to bring forth good fruit among the Indians of California.

(2) The Alaskan Eskimoes.

North-West Alaska is one of the newest fields of the Moravian Church. It dates from 1884.

It is often stated that her missionaries go to the most distant, the most helpless, and the most degraded. It is true that their errand of Divine mercy, through human help, has been to the despised, enslaved, and downtrodden, to outcasts and lepers, to negroes and Hottentots, to Eskimoes and Papoos; yes, in many cases to the lowest of the low. It is true that the missionary work of the Moravian Church still lies largely among peoples whom it is exceedingly difficult to raise in the scale of humanity

here on earth—though thousands washed in the blood of the Lamb have been raised to the fellowship of heaven.

But Moravian missionaries do not choose their fields. Like the noble men and women sent forth as the messengers of other Churches to the heathen, they go just where God sends and do just what God bids. And wherever they go, they make this experience, and can bear this testimony to the power of Divine grace, that *there is no nation so degraded, but that the Gospel is the power of God for their salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ who has died and ever lives for them and us.*

In the winter of 1883-4, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of the Presbyterian Church in the States, appealed to the American Province of the Moravian Church on behalf of the Eskimoes of North-West Alaska. His own Church was and is doing splendid work for the Indians of South-East Alaska, but he pleaded for the Eskimoes beyond. His plea was couched in such terms as these—that the conditions of missionary labour among these forlorn and debased people were so severe and dreary and so cheerless that he could find no one willing to take the Gospel to them in those inhospitable northern regions, where they dwelt in unspeakable degradation. As a last resort, he said, he came to the Moravians, and he added, "If *you* refuse, these heathen must go down to ruin in the dark!"

That plea was made at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, a Moravian settlement redolent with fragrant memories of the heroes of the North American Indian Mission. The descendants of such missionary ancestors could not resist it.

An exploratory expedition in the summer of 1884 fixed the site for a station on the River Kuskokwim. Volunteers were forthcoming to man the distant outpost, among

them JOHN HENRY KILBUCK, a young Delaware, the grandson of a great chief, who was a notable convert of the old Indian Mission. In the summer of 1885 the missionary band settled at "Bethel," in faith that the place would prove the house of God and the gate of heaven to many souls. We cannot linger on the sad loss by drowning of an invaluable missionary that autumn, nor on the severe trials of the first winter in a land where the thermometer goes down to 50°, aye 60°, below—not freezing point, but *zero*. The point we wish to come to is this. The missionaries had scarce been there two years, when fruit began to appear. They could but imperfectly stammer forth the message of the Cross in the uncouth language of the Eskimoes, but they had constantly shown forth the Redeemer's love in eloquent deeds of loving service. They made the second Christmas-tide specially impressive to a people who had known nothing of the joys of that lovely Christian Festival or of its Gospel of the infant Jesus born to save them from sin. Presently the Passion Week came, and it ushered in a true Eastertide. The Eskimoes gathered at Bethel from villages far and near, and missionary Kilbuck told them as best he could the story of our Saviour's sufferings and death. The people said they had never heard so much about the great love of God. They begged him to repeat the story and tell them all he knew. Before the week was out, many were convicted of sin, which they called their "badness." In childlike fashion, yet with dawning spiritual conception, they asked for a share of the blood, which alone could take it away. As the news spread, other Eskimoes came in from distant villages, saying that they, too, "wanted a share of the blood of Jesus to take away their bad."

That summer the missionaries wrote home:—"Our hearts are filled with joy, and we long to send the news to our friends, whose hearts will leap when they hear these glad tidings from the new mission in Alaska—the Eskimoes of the Kuskokwim turning from their sins and seeking the new way which leads to life everlasting, to joy and peace."

That is a typical commencement, for a mission becomes real at the point where the Holy Ghost uses the words of His servants to bring home to the hearts of their hearers their paramount need of a Saviour from sin. Since then the good work in Alaska has spread to the villages up and down the Kuskokwim River and to the Nushagak River. Its decennial report was very cheering.

Two Tropical Fields in Central and South America.

(1) The Moskito Coast.

"God loves the English, but He does not love the Indians." So said a native of the Moskito Indian Reserve many years ago. The reply of Divine mercy is written all across the fifty years' history of this mission: "Surely *they* are my people, children that will not lie: so He was *their* Saviour." The varied resources of Divine wisdom have been marvellously employed by the Holy Spirit to enlighten the hearts of the Indians and Creoles. The central lesson of the story is this, that a deepened consciousness of sin is the sound basis for a solid revival of spiritual life.

One utterance of an early missionary shall reveal the

spirit and aims of those who commenced this work in 1849. He wrote:—"In spite of the deep conviction of my weakness, I have tasted the unspeakable joy of being able to proclaim to sinful souls the free grace of God in Christ Jesus. There is no higher calling than that of a missionary. If God give fidelity and perseverance, all is well in spite of inevitable hardships and troubles." God did give fidelity and perseverance, and in due time He graciously added their reward. For thirty years the Gospel was faithfully proclaimed. Gradually five stations were added to the first at Bluefields, and in the spring of 1881 the Mission numbered about one thousand baptized persons. Then a remarkable awakening spread over the whole of the Moskito Indian Reserve, and beyond its borders into Nicaragua. Creoles and Indians saw their sin as God looks upon it. Thus they gained, not only a knowledge of its exceeding sinfulness, but a conception of the infinite holiness, justice, and love of God as revealed in the atonement made by their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ on their behalf. As the home churches heard the glorious news of an ardent thirst for the Word of God, of hundreds seeking the salvation of their souls, of daily services in crowded churches, and of numerous additions to the congregations, they could not help echoing the adoring exclamation of their missionaries in the field so richly blessed:—"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Since then the work has gone forward, through the reaction, which sifted the chaff from the wheat gathered in by this spiritual revival, and through the political troubles, which have long threatened and have now terminated the autonomy of the Moskito Indian Territory under its own chief. Nicaragua has lately taken possession

of the Moskito Indian Reserve, but there is good reason to hope that the result will be the spread of the Gospel in Nicaragua itself. Thus far it has proved so.

Thirty-three Moravian missionaries are now working at twelve stations scattered along the strip of Atlantic coastland from Bluefields to Cape Gracias-a-Dios. Their 5500 Indian and Creole members form the majority of the population, and the saving and uplifting influences of the Gospel extend to the Indians on the upper reaches of the rivers.

(2) Surinam or Dutch Guiana.

We turn now to the large and important field of Surinam in South America, where the Moravian missionaries have more than 28,000 souls under their direct charge, and the circle of their influence extends beyond the negroes to Chinese and Hindu coolies and Javanese employed in the cultivation of the plantations. Here again we can trace the hand of the Master Himself, excellent in counsel and wonderful in working.

Out of the many phases of this work, we scarce know what salient points to touch on. We might tell of the heroic perseverance and manifold blessing amid many trials of the seventy years' mission among the *Arawack Indians* in the primeval forests of Berbice (1738-1808). There laboured the gifted and cultured Solomon Schumann, whose wisdom and firmness triumphed over the bitter opposition of the Europeans, and whose great talents enabled him to master that difficult Indian language in a few months so as to preach in it with soul-winning power. There that indefatigable man Daehne held solitary possession of the land selected for a station, dwelling for nearly two years in his lonesome hut in the forest,

surrounded by wild beasts and wilder men. When the Indians would listen to his Gospel, he preached to them. When they came with intent to kill him, he prayed to God, and He protected him. One day, when he was lying unwell in his hammock, a large serpent attacked him, and twined itself round his head and neck. Taking up the chalk he wrote upon the table:—"A serpent has killed me." But he lived to rub the words out again, for the promise in Mark xvi. 18 flashed into his mind at that moment: "They shall take up serpents, and it shall not hurt them." Clutching the huge reptile with all his might, he tore it from his neck, flung it out of the hut, and then, as he says, "lay down to rest in the peace of God." Thus the Lord preserved His servant, and presently gave him the joy to see a settlement of Christian Indians on that land of which he had so hopefully taken and held possession in the name of his God.

We might dwell on the equally devoted and self-denying labours in the "Land of Death," *i.e.* the malarial forests of the interior of Surinam. Here the work is rapidly extending among the Maroons or "*Bush Negroes*," whose fathers escaped from the colony into the dense bush of the interior in the days of slavery. Here for many a year every convert cost a missionary's life, so fatal is the climate. We could mention more than one European lady, who accompanied her husband to a lonely post in the fever districts on the upper reaches of the River Surinam, saw him fall a victim to the deadly climate, read the burial service over his grave, and remained for months ministering alone to the little negro flock. Nor has the noble self-sacrifice of such men and women been in vain in the Lord, and of late a remarkable thirst for the word of life has sprung up among these bush-negroes.

Or we could trace the history of the most fruitful section of the whole wide Moravian Mission Field. Success in a remarkable degree has been granted to the work among the now liberated negroes on the plantations near the coast of this Dutch colony. Here there are twelve congregations, with a total of upwards of 12,000 members. Still more striking has been the rapid increase in Paramaribo, the capital of Surinam. The four Moravian churches in this town now number upwards of 14,000 members.

Certainly the work, which since 1735 has been continued in one or another part of this colony, has not been of men but of God.*

The Gospel for the Hottentots and Kaffirs of South Africa and for the Natives of Nyasaland.

(1) The Two Provinces of the South African Mission.

Foremost in the fight with ignorance and evil in South Africa stands the figure of George Schmidt, prepared for the hardships of his missionary life by six years of imprisonment for conscience sake in Bohemia, during which his brother in tribulation, Melchior Nitschmann, died in his arms. Whence came the zeal which moved Schmidt to dwell among his little colony of Hottentots in *Bavianskloof*, until the intrigues of the Dutch settlers and clergy drove him from the country? Whence came the ardent heart's-desire which then led him day by day to

* An article on the Surinam Mission, entitled "A Successful Work in South America," will be found in the *Periodical Accounts relating to Moravian Missions* for June, 1896.

a quiet spot near his German home, and there poured itself out in prayers for his orphaned flock far away, until, like Livingstone, he died on his knees pleading for Africa? Such burning love, such persistent prayer are not of man; they are of God. And though the answer tarried long—yes, fifty years—it came before this century commenced. George Schmidt was no longer on earth to hear the reports of the three men upon whom his mantle fell: how they found the spot which he had cultivated, the ruins of his hut yet visible, the whole valley a haunt of wild beasts; and better, how they found one surviving member of that little congregation of forty-seven, who had long waited and hoped for the return of their beloved teacher. This was an aged, blind Hottentot woman, who welcomed them as Schmidt's brothers with "Thanks be to God," and unrolled from two sheepskins her greatest treasure, a Dutch New Testament, which he had given her. Soon this so-called Baviaanskloof (*i.e.* Baboon's Glen) was changed into "the Vale of Grace"—in Dutch *Genā-den-dāl*—and where Schmidt's poor hut stood, there is a large settlement and a congregation of more than three thousand members.

In 1828 the work spread from the Cape Colony into Independent Kaffraria. Now its two provinces include nineteen stations, where eighty missionary agents have charge of 14,500 converts. The *Western Province*, consisting of the older congregations, has long been self-supporting, yet has some decided missionary work opening. The *Eastern Group* has ever claimed special sympathy by its progress in spite of its exposure to the alarms, dangers, and devastations of repeated Kaffir wars. Smouldering heaps and blackened ruins have marked the sites of one or another of its peaceful, flourishing settle-

ments. But as soon as the clouds of war had passed, the wonderful faith and patience given to the missionaries brought them back to their plundered and burnt homes, rebuilt the waste places, and made them centres of renewed spiritual and temporal blessing to the districts around. Now the good work is spreading in a most interesting way among the Tembu Kaffirs, and still more among the "red" or heathen Kaffirs of Hlubi-land, northward towards Natal.

(2) Nyasaland.—East Central Africa.

From Kaffraria we pass to the new Moravian Mission among kindred Bantu tribes in Nyasaland.

"Why are there no white men in my country? My people in Merere's land know nothing about God!" The question startled and delighted one of the missionaries. It was asked by a native, who accompanied him one Sunday on a preaching tour around the first Moravian station, Rungwe. This was founded in 1891. Four young men went to Central Africa to begin a work at the north end of Lake Nyasa in full agreement with, and in the kindliest bond of mutual helpfulness with the agents of the splendid Livingstonia Mission. As so often in the Dark Continent, a hallowed grave was the first possession. Very soon one of the four succumbed to fever. Those, who have followed as reinforcements, have knelt at that lonely grave and passed on to the work. This has now developed into four stations. The fourth is in Merere's land and at the capital of that chieftain. So we trust that his people will soon know something about God, and His great love to sinful man in sending our Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ.

The latest news is that after five years this mission has

A NATIVE COUNCIL IN NYASALAND.

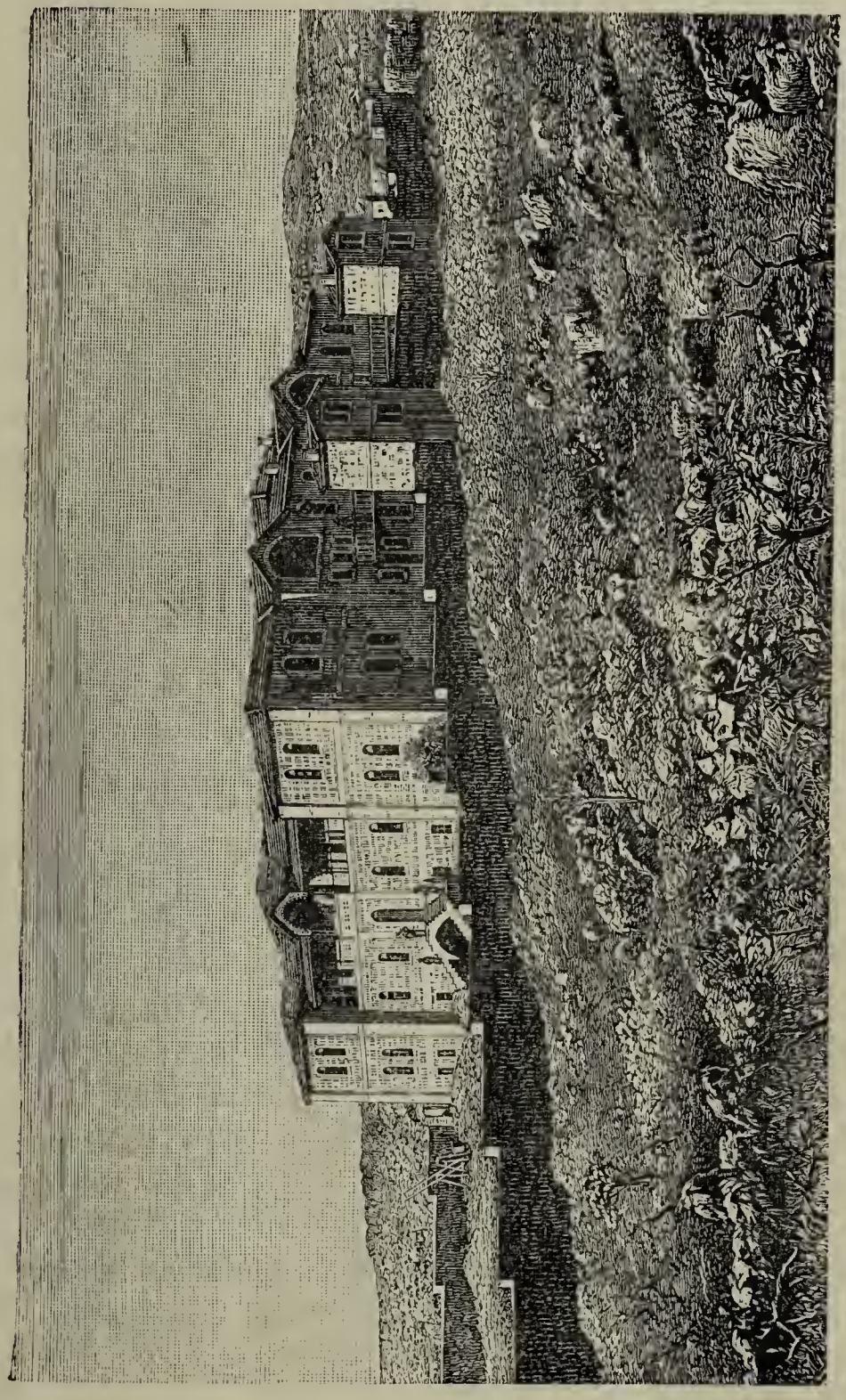
its "Kayarnak." A man named Fungua earnestly desires baptism.

The Lepers of the Holy Land.

We may not omit JERUSALEM in enumerating the Moravian Missions, for the Holy City has since 1867 been the scene of a work such as none can undertake, but those who are animated by the example and spirit of the Lord Jesus. It involves the constant care of, and daily ministrations to, the bodies as well as the souls of incurable lepers. What that means none know, but those who for His sake engage in it. Twenty-five patients, Christians and Moslems, in all stages of the terrible disease, find a home in the large new hospital not far from the terminus of the railway from Jaffa. The name written on the stone above its door is as true as it is beautiful—"Jesus Hilfe" (Jesus' help). "What a precious message I have for those lepers!" says one of the workers. "I tell them of a Saviour who loves them, who, when He was on earth, heard the leper's cry and touched and healed their suffering bodies. I assure them that if they only trust and love that Saviour, He is able to wash away their sins and take them after death to a bright and happy home, where there is no more pain and sorrow, and to give them new bodies, no longer deformed by disease, but glorious and free from spot and blemish."

And do the lepers receive that message? Hear the prayer of Ghalieh from Nablus (Shechem) when her children came to weep with the leprous mother from whom they must perforce live separated: "O Lord Jesus I rejoice that thou art my Saviour. Thou didst cleanse the

lepers. Have mercy upon me and comfort my children



"JESUS HILFE," THE MORAVIAN LEPER HOME AT JERUSALEM.

in their sorrow, and teach them to know and love Thee!"

Hear the simple testimony of a poor disfigured man whose nose has been eaten off by leprosy. It was just this, accompanied by an emphatic gesture: "The Son of Man has come to seek and save ME!"

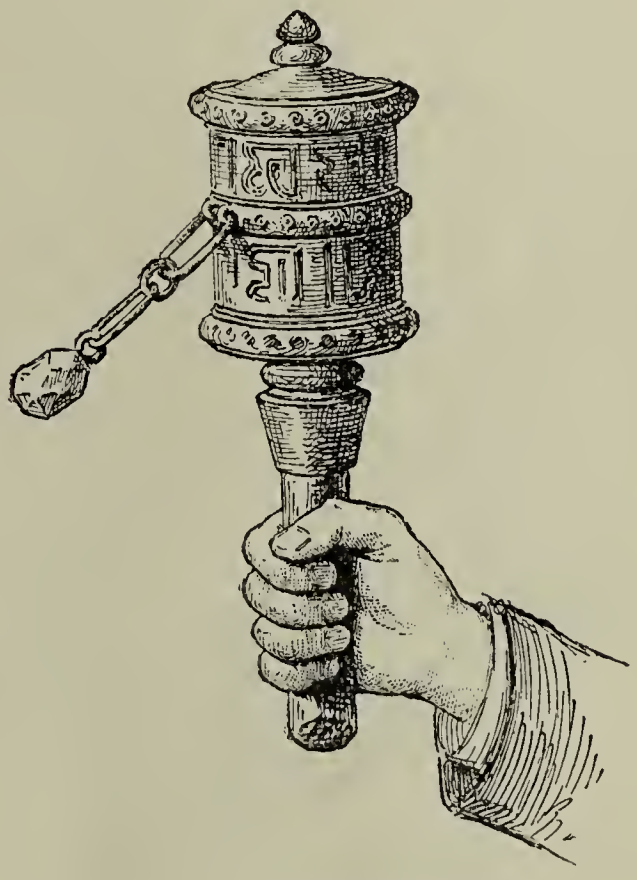
Hear the assured hope of Smikna, who has been for twenty years an inmate of the Home. She is a true Christian and has a good influence on the other women, always ignorant and quarrelsome when they enter. "Yes," she said to a visitor from Scotland, who inquired for her, "Yes, I often suffer great pain." Her right foot has been eaten away. "But," she added, pointing towards the city close at hand, the city where also our Lord was crucified—"but I have been told here of the love of Him, who died for us over yonder in the city, and I'm not going to be a leper always. I'm going to wear a crown!"

Working and Waiting for Tibet.*

We pass on to CENTRAL ASIA more spiritually destitute than Darkest Africa. All the more valuable is the mission among the Tibetan-speaking Buddhists near the northern frontier of India. High among the eternal snows of the Himalayas—Leh, 11,400 feet above the level of the sea, is perhaps the loftiest mission station in the world—there we find Moravian missionaries dwelling in remote valleys. During the winter they are

* "Working and Waiting for Tibet" is the title of an interesting sketch of the Moravian Mission in the Western Himalayas. It is translated and completed from the German by the Rev. A. Ward, a brother of the late Rev. James Ward, of Australia. The book is published at 1*s* and 1*s* 6*d* by Messrs. Morgan and Scott.

closed in from all the rest of the world by the snowed-up mountain passes. For fifty-eight years (1764-1822) the Moravian Church used every endeavour to establish a mission among *the Calmucks* in Russian Asia, until an edict of the Russian government commanded her to desist. Yet her members ceased not to long and pray for the renewal of the effort. In 1853, finding the door



A HAND PRAYER CYLINDER.

through Russia to the *Mongol tribes* still bolted, the Missionary Board resolved to try and reach the *Tartars* of Chinese Tibet through northern British India. But they found the western gates of the great Chinese empire still as resolutely closed against Europeans and the Gospel, as was the entrance from the east, when the noble Xavier

cried in the bitterness of his soul:—"O rock! rock! when wilt thou open?"

Was this counsel of men or of God? Such was the question to be answered by the general Synod of the

A CHORTEN.

The Chorten, identical with the Stupa or Chaitya of India, Nepal and Afghanistan, was originally a monument or receptacle for the ashes of the dead. In Tibet it still sometimes serves this purpose, but usually is merely an emblem of the Buddhist religion. Chortens are found in incredible numbers and in various styles.—F.B.S.

Moravian Church in 1879. Those isolated stations close to the northern boundary of British India, where the pioneers are meanwhile translating and lithographing the Word of God into Tibetan—those advanced posts of the Christian attack upon Buddhism whence they are disseminating Gospel truth far and wide by summer tours into districts of Little Tibet, and by sending portions of the Bible and tracts into Chinese Tibet—*should these be given up now? No!* answered the faithful men, who are labouring on amid unusual difficulties and discouragements. *No!* said the news just then received of the application of a sincere young man for baptism, the first-fruits of Lahoul. *No!* responded the hearts of all members of the Synod, and the resolution was passed to continue, and as soon as possible to *extend* missionary labours in the Western Himalayas. Surely, if slowly, that extension has been going on ever since.

The Only Means to uplift the Blacks of Australia.

Lastly those two missions in AUSTRALIA—the one among the blacks of *Victoria*, the other two thousand miles north in Cape York Peninsula, *North Queensland*—are these the counsel of men or of God? We will answer by drawing in rapid outline two scenes from the story of the earlier endeavour.

(1) WILLY WIMMERA.

One day, many years ago, the Rev. Mr. Chase entered St. James' School in Melbourne to give religious instruc-

tion. His eye fell upon a little native boy, sobbing in sorrow and fright, yet amazed with the novelty of the scene. The white children had found him in the streets; they had taken pity on the little waif, shared their bread with him, and brought him to the school. That was the beginning of good days for the child, for Pastor Chase took him home, gave him general and religious instruction, and hoped that some day this ward of his might go back to his benighted countrymen as a missionary. Not long after the clergyman had to return to England, and as the Australian lad was unwilling to be parted from his beloved benefactor, he brought him. On the voyage it seemed as if Mr. Chase's most sanguine hopes would be realized, for it was reported of the boy:—"Behold he prayeth." Arrived in England, he was baptized, receiving the name of WILLY WIMMERA. And now it became his earnest desire to make known to his heathen relations the truths which had become so precious to his own heart. "I will tell them about God and Jesus," he used to say, "for God is not known in the bush."

The Lord's ways are not ours. The climate of England proved too cold for Willy. He sickened and died on March 10th, 1852. With his death hope of reaching his relations or tribe seemed to vanish, as but little had been learnt from him with regard to them. When questioned on the subject he would say:—"My country is the Wimmera, my master was a Mr. Ellerman, my mother was shot by a white man. Afterwards I was very ill, and the blacks carried me about. When I got better I went with a wool-dray to Melbourne, and there I got lost among the people."

Ten years passed, and meanwhile the Moravian Church undertook a mission to the debased blacks of Victoria.

Two young men, named HAGENAUER and SPIESECKE, went out to the work, and at parting from them in London the Secretary of the missions gave them a little book entitled, "The History of Willy Wimmera." And now on May 2nd, 1860, we find Mr. Hagenauer at Ebenezer, the first station commenced just a year before. He is sitting in his block hut in the midst of a group of black youths, who have begun to love good things and have come to listen to the Bible. Finding them still inclined to stay when he has finished his instructions, he remembers the book, and proposes to read to them the story of a little black boy, who had been found in Melbourne and taken to England by a kind gentleman. If they have been attentive before, they listen now with an intense and growing excitement. As the missionary comes to the words "My country is the Wimmera, my mother was shot by a white man," they can contain themselves no longer. Amid sobs of excitement they spring up, and one of them exclaims: "Why, we all knew him; I was there when the ball passed through his mother's heart. This is his young brother, in the camp yonder sits his old father, Dowler. We are his cousins, and not twenty paces from here is the pine tree under which we were sitting when the white man killed his mother. And there in the corner of the garden is the place where she is buried." Then in the silence of the evening they go forth to kneel and weep and pray at that grave. And the missionary's heart is full of praise to God for the mysterious providence, which has directed them to found the first station at the very spot where Willy's mother had breathed her last, and unwittingly to preach the Gospel first of all to Willy's own tribe and relatives. Truly God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. So thought the Christian friends assembled in

the chapel at Ebenezer on the succeeding August 12th to witness the baptism of Nathanael, the first-fruits of the Australian Mission. And the preacher on that occasion was the late Canon Chase, the life-long friend of this mission.

(2) The Blacks of Victoria.

Many persons in Australia have thought that the wild aborigines had no souls, and that it was perfectly useless to teach them. They certainly are the lowest of the low. Godless men in those colonies have shot them ruthlessly and poisoned them like vermin, and they will have to answer to the Judge of all for the spirits thus hurried into His presence.

But thirty-five years of patient and trustful toil have told quite a different story of the remnants of the race in the colony of Victoria. They can be and have been tamed and clothed, and made good and diligent citizens. They can be educated, as is proved by the fact that the mission schools take a high place even in competition with the schools attended by the white children of the colony. "The game is not worth the candle," wrote Anthony Trollope, in a chapter on Ramahyuck (a Moravian station). But his objections were met with clear argument in the newspapers by Mrs. Bessie Cameron, herself a pure black woman, in charge of the orphanage. Better still, they can be and have been saved, sanctified and made heirs of heaven. "Oh, my dear teachers," exclaimed a dying black some years ago, "I thank you for showing me the way to Christ. The Lord bless you and your work among my poor fellow-countrymen! And my Saviour! How gracious He is! To Him be thanks and praise!"

The Blacks of North Queensland.

About 1890 God laid it on the heart of the Federated Presbyterian Churches of Australia to do something for the poor blackfellows of North Queensland. Savage and treacherous, these naked cannibals roam the bush, hunting and fishing or digging for roots. And the degradation of their women is awful. But better days have dawned for them. Knowing that the blessing of God has rested on the Moravian Missions in Victoria and elsewhere, the Presbyterians sent this message to the Moravian Church :— "We will find the means if you will find the men!"

Two men were speedily found—Messrs. Ward and Hey —and a brave woman too, of whom her husband quaintly remarked, "She'll come in useful." Missionaries' wives do, indeed, come in useful, and the Moravian Church is wont to reckon them as much missionaries as their husbands.

The younger missionary, Nicholas Hey, bore the brunt of the first month, December, 1891, though James Ward would gladly have shared it if he could. Have our readers any idea what such pioneer service means ? Successive sleepless nights on the bare ground, listening to the howling of the treacherous savages close at hand, and knowing that only two months before they had killed and eaten two white men at that very spot. Incessant toil day after day in the great heat to get a roof over their heads. The lack of proper food and means to cook it. The execrably bad water—black and filthy.

What wonder that when Mr. and Mrs. Ward were able to join him their brave comrade was almost worn out. But he had already won the confidence of the wild blacks. Soon that trust deepened into an esteem and love, which

was the best guarantee for the lives of the missionaries amid the perils of such a situation.

Poor Mrs. Ward! We do not wonder that her heart sank, when on landing she realized, what no description could convey—the awful degradation of her sisters. Writing to a friend in England, she said: "I wish you could see the people as I saw them on the day of my arrival. There were about eighty women and girls sitting in a semicircle, most of them quite without clothing, others with a dirty piece of calico tied round their loins. Such a spectacle! Many of them full of sores; one old woman blind, one with cancer." But the love that never faileth has been given her; Mrs. Ward is at her post to-day, helping her sister, who presently joined the mission as the wife of Mr. Hey.

During 1892-3 Mr. Ward's letters often reminded one of Dr. Paton's autobiography. Again and again he quelled fierce quarrels and restored peace in the native camp by fearlessly placing himself between the infuriated combatants, taking the spears from their hands and reasoning with them in such English as they could understand. "Me no savez your law" (*i.e.* about marriages, for the quarrel is usually about one of the gins or women). "When you savez (know) the Lord Jesus Christ, you no do such things."

It was early days still when the band at Mapoon had a very welcome visit from the famous missionary James Chalmers of New Guinea, on the opposite side of Torres Straits. He wrote to a friend in Melbourne:—"I want to let you know how pleased I was with all I saw. The progress made in the few months is certainly astonishing. Last Sunday there were 180 natives at the station. Mr. Ward has begun school, and I hope will soon be able to speak to the people in their own language, that they may

know the love of God to them. Any attempt to civilize them without the Gospel will be a failure. Our civilization must come from the heart outwards. Mrs. Ward is a truly brave woman. The work is well begun and is likely to be well carried out."

In January, 1895, came a terrible time of trial. James Ward died of fever—an irreparable loss. Mr. Hey and the two sisters were so utterly broken down that they had to leave the good work for months. When Mr. and Mrs. Hey were able to return to Mapoon, it was a great relief to find that the blacks had done their best to remain loyal to the amount of light and knowledge attained. They met for little prayer meetings, when the children sang the hymns they had learned, and then, as they said, "one of the men 'speak Jesus.'" In September, Mrs. Ward rejoined her sister and Mr. Hey at the place where her noble husband has taken sepulchre possession. What a contrast to her first landing four and a half years before! Long ere she reached the beach, she could see the native women hurrying to don clean clothes. They must welcome "Mother" properly. So many crowded to grasp her hand, that it was a long time before she could get into the house. The Sunday after the news had spread to the blacks in the bush, three hundred were present in church at the station.

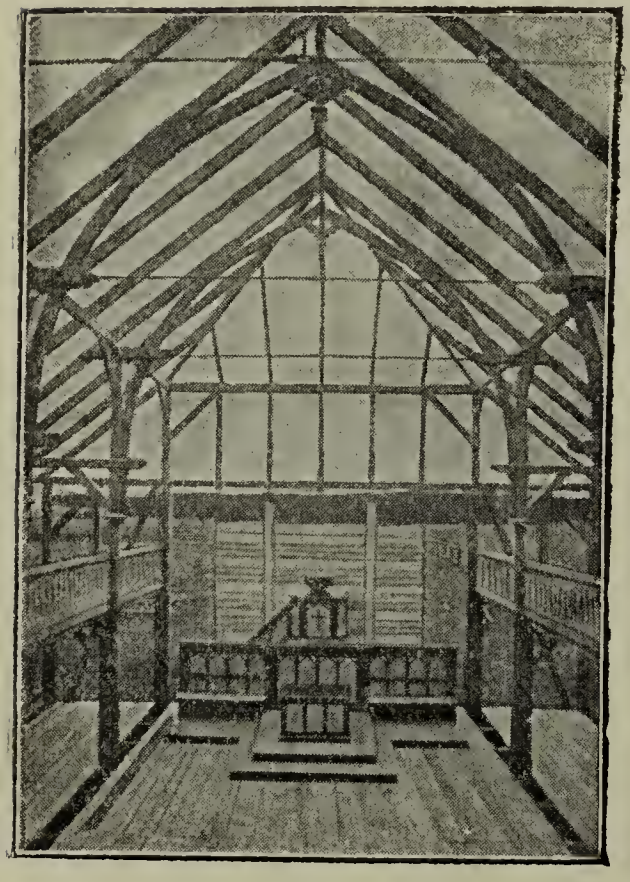
Reinforcements have gone out and the mission is to be extended. Best of all, we have just heard that two of the natives at Mapoon earnestly desire to be baptized. God grant that these may be the first-fruits of an abundant harvest!

We have taken a glance, if only a glance, at every one

of the fields which this little missionary Church is at present permitted to occupy. And with regard to each, our purpose has been to show just such links in the chain of its providential history as should clearly prove, that in every instance the commencement and continuance have been of God and not of men. To Him, therefore, be all the glory of the work, whose future efficiency must, as throughout the past, be maintained by *faith, not without works.*

Appendix.

The New Station at Makkovik, Labrador.



Interior views of the framework of the church, as temporarily erected in Germany in 1895.

The Labrador Ship and Emergency Fund.

The New Station, MAKKOVIK, is fifty miles S.-E. from Hopedale. (Nain is more than 100 miles N.-W. of Hopedale.)

Amid the present problems and manifold needs of the Labrador Mission, earnest appeal is made for gifts to the *Labrador Ship and Emergency Fund.*

A NEW "HARMONY."

Adequate ship accommodation, with more comfortable quarters for the missionaries, is absolutely needed. The best way to provide it for the service of a coast which is ice-bound and unapproachable for a large part of the year is a difficult question. It would be far too expensive to purchase, and particularly to maintain, a steamer, which could only be employed for less than two months annually. If £6000 or £7000 were placed at the disposal of the Society for this special purpose, a new sailing vessel could be *built* so as to suit the requirements of the service and the navigation along that dangerous coast. She would replace the well-known "Harmony," a barque of 250 tons, which has served since 1861.

EXTENSIVE REPAIRS TO THE MISSION PREMISES.

The mission premises at Hopedale, Nain, Okak, and Ramah need extensive repairs. At each of these stations

either a house or a store must be rebuilt within the next year or two. In such an extremely cold climate buildings may not be neglected.

Likely Openings and urgent Invitations to New Work.

Besides the establishment of the new station at Makkovik—for which in the goodness of God provision has been made to a large extent—the hope of new work among the heathen is presented both southward and northward of the present stations. With respect to these openings, the Society awaits the opinion of the General Conference of Labrador missionaries. If they see the possibility—for all work on such a coast is attended with great difficulty—and if funds are forthcoming, then they will gladly undertake the additional burdens.

All these exigencies come together just at a time when the Society is seriously hampered, not only by increased outlay but by diminished receipts. By the failure of the banking companies, financial ruin recently came upon Newfoundland. The Colony is recovering, but its present circumstances seriously affect the trading operations of the Society, whose profits have almost entirely supported the Labrador mission.

The manifold expenses and difficulties of maintaining and extending this mission in Labrador far exceed the powers and resources of the Society, but the Committee goes forward, first and foremost in faith on God, and then in His people.

Contributions in aid of the Missions of the Moravian Church may be sent to the Rev. Robert de Schweinitz, Agent of Missions, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Treasurer of the Society for Propagating the Gospel.